

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "What Kinda World"

There's no such thing as a government  
There's only people rulin over people  
People jerkin around people  
People lendin a hand to people..  
What part of the system do you play?  
Who do you oppress? ..Uhh!

### [Chorus]

What kinda world are we livin in? Yo  
What kinda world are we livin innnnnn?  
Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?  
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

### [Chorus 1/2]

When every day, seven thousand kids are gettin locked up  
When every day the justice system seems to stay stocked up  
When every day they cuttin 'em down 'fore they even pop up  
When every day you gotta duck 'fore you get shot up  
What kinda world are we livin in, spinnin in  
Winnin in, sinnin in, let us begin again  
Churches are ran like corporations makin me holla  
Corporations are ran like churches praisin the dollar  
There's no way out, or is it? Release your doubt and live it  
Teachin metaphysics don't listen to these critics hear it  
What kinda world are we livin in?  
Believe in yourself, achieve for yourself, see for yourself  
Speak for yourself, never weaken yourself, by deceivin yourself  
Believe in your wealth, c'mon!

### [Chorus]

Yo, yo, yeah  
What kinda world are we livin out, we move about  
in fear and doubt, tryin to get more clout  
Just check it check it out, we took the wrong route  
to a morality drought, basically I'm callin 'em out  
What kinda world are we livin in, when a song  
will not get on, unless it talks 'bout thongs  
Now where did we go wrong? We don't have long  
Preference all torn all worn not norm and all gone  
What kinda world do we live around, when we lay around  
Let me break it down, they shuttin us down  
while we play around, we fallin, stallin

while God's callin, all in to fall in

*[Chorus]*

*[Chorus 1/2]*

When every day another unwanted pregnancy ends  
When every day another person is betrayed by a friend  
When every day it never ends, and the people pretend  
like the President is there cause of them, let me ask

    What kinda world can we really trust  
    when the cops they can shoot at us? Bo bo!  
    What kinda world can we really grow (ohh)  
    when our daughters wanna be hoes (ohh)  
        and a father that nobody knows (ohh)  
    and a mother wearin them sexy clothes (ho)  
    What kinda world are we livin in, yo  
    What kinda world are we livin in, uhh

*[Chorus: w/ variations]*

Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?  
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?  
    Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?  
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?  
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Fresh.. for two-thousand-one.. you SU-CKAZZZZZ!